

Dusk and Dawn

by Yasashii

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Summary: Kay, let's see...this is a rather serious fic about Trowa and Quatre's relationship with a twist (angst and yaoish)You have been warned!

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Disclaimers: (grumbles about not owning Gundam Wing and all its riches)

>
NOTE: Don't flame me too bad this time. I got really bored and this is what came out. I'm at a

>major block on my other fic right now, so there. This is my first pathetic attempt at a serious
fic. It's angst and yaoish, hope ya don't mind. Enjoy!(as if you could on this kind of fic,

>anyway)
~Yasashii ;)

>

>
Dusk and Dawn

>
 I watched the sun rise slowly in the sky. It seems that I have seen it over a hundred

>times, which I might as well have. It is the only thing I have left, besides memories.....

> It was during the war when I first saw him. Actually, I fought him before I saw him. I
remember that voice so well, as if it were yesterday. So earnest and gentle. Nothing that sweet

>sounding could be my enemy, so I stepped out of my Gundam, preparing for the worst. Instead, a
vision placed itself before me. He had the bluest eyes I had ever seen. The color of the sky.

>His light blonde hair was ruffled, but it still looked like silk that anyone would long to touch,
including myself. He had a small frame, and my arms practically itched with the need to hold him

>against me, to shelter him from the rest of the world. I tried to shake off these useless and
irrational thoughts, but they always seemed to come back at the damndest of times.....

>
 I had followed him to his place, just to get my Gundam

repaired, I told myself. I sipped
>my coffee and eyed him speculatively. How could he be so perfect?
The way he talked and smiled,
the way he laughed, like an
enchanted melody. The way he looked at me. Nothing else existed.

>Then he began to play his violin. I watched, enraptured at the
passion with which he wove the
melody. With more passion than I
could ever hope to acquire. As I watched, I realized that I

>didn't want to be a nobody anymore. Without thinking any further, I
snatched a flute from the
cabinet and began to play. Together,
our tune had an air of grace. It felt as if the whole
>world revolved around us. At this point, all I wanted was for him to
be happy, which is why I
could stay no longer.....
>
 Heero and I were protecting the colony that my beloved sought
to destroy. At first, I
>thought he truly had gone insane. But then he spoke to me in a voice
so anguished and torn, that
I would go to any lengths to protect
him, even if I had to die. He hit my mobile suit in his
>grief, and I tried to stay with him, I really did. My last thought
was that God and all that be
holy protect my little one.....

>
 I awoke from a dream in cold sweat. Who was he? Catherine
wasn't helping any. She either
>changed the subject or ignored me whenever I asked about him. Those
bottomless blue eyes seemed
so familiar, and yet so strange. Short
blonde hair and a warm smile flashed through my mind. Why
>was this person haunting me so?.....

> I felt so lonely. I had met up with the other pilots again, but I
remembered nothing. The
feeling was worst when I looked into his
eyes, knowing that I'm missing something. That hope
>shining in his eternally beautiful eyes always tore at my insides.
That feeling ended the day I
piloted Wing Zero. The memories came
flooding in so fast that I could hardly breathe. How? How
>could I have forgotten him? At that point, all I wanted was to go to
him and tell him how sorry
I was. When I did see him again, he
saw the understanding in my gaze and his own eyes filled
>with tears of happiness. That night, we sought refuge in each
other's arms and promised each
other that we would always be
together.....
>
 It was several months later after the war. I awoke in bed
expecting his warm body to be
>pressed against mine. Instead, I found him packing a suitcase. "Good
morning," I drawled
lazily, scaring the bejeesus out of my love.
"What are you up to so early in the morning?" He
>looked over at me with an adoring gaze.
"Trowa, I already told
you that I was going on a business trip and that I won't be back for
a
>week."
"Can't I come with?" I didn't care how unnecessary it
was, I always wanted to protect my little
>one.
"I'm afraid not. You'd just be in the way this time. I must
do this one alone." I never did
>find out what that business trip was for. I still wanted to go with
him, but I'd let him have
his way. I could never say no. So I
drove him to the airport and kissed him good-bye. He
>smiled that adorable smile and then he disappeared into the crowd.
My heart felt like it was the
lump in my throat, which puzzled me
greatly.....
>
 I was fixing dinner for myself a few days later. I was hard
boiling eggs at the moment,

>and they looked to be about finished. As I approsched the stove, the phone rang. That dreadful
phone. The voice on the other end of the line was one I had never heard before.

>"Hello?"
"May I speak to one Trowa Barton?"

>"This is." Who the Hell would be calling me?
"My name is Sgt.Odin of the police department. I'm calling about a Quatre Raberba Winner."

>"Yes?" What happened? Did Quatre get arrested? No, no. He's not capable of doing anything
that terrible. The police wouldn't call here...unless..

>"I'm sorry. Mr.Winner's plane went down in the Atlantic. Engine trouble. My people have
searched the area, but no survivors were found."

>What? No, that couldn't be right. Did he say he was going across the ocean for this business
trip? The phone fell numbly from my fingers and clattered to the floor. This isn't happening.

>I walked into the bedroom, and in the light of dusk I picked up a photo of myself and Quatre. I
sat on the edge of the bed and clutched the picture for all I was worth. I sat and stared,

>stared for the longest time at his face. I ran shaky fingers over the smooth glass that covered
his face. My heart was constricted in my chest. It was the most terrible pain I had ever felt.

>Nothing, not even death, could surpass my pain. Death. I ran to the kitchen and picked up a
butcher knife. I pointed it at my heart, or lack thereof.....and I dropped it in anguish. I

>dimly remembered the eggs, but they had already exploded and were sticking to the ceiling and
walls. They were in shambles, like my soul.....

>
 And so I have been here, watching the sunrise every morning for a year now. I remember him

>every morning, just like this. I usually contemplate suicide, but I can't give up. I haven't
been able to mourn, and the pain is still almost unbearable. I think Quatre would be

>disappointed if I ended my life selfishly, so I'm determined not to. It's funny, really.
Before, my only reason for living was having Quatre by my side every day. Now my only reason for

>living is....what? What am I living for? The other pilots, Catherine perhaps? Or maybe I'm
just stubborn and refuse to die that easily. Or maybe it's the fact that my memories of him

>won't let his presence die. Either way, I'm still fighting. Perhaps the worst part of it all is
that I never told him how much I loved him. I still can't, after all this time. I feel my hands

>shake at that thought, as they do every morning. But I can't keep it pent up anymore."God, Quatre.
Why did you have to go by yourself on that stupid fucking plane!? Why did you leave me!?" I

>feel my eyes well up with tears, but I don't care anymore as I yell at nothing, "Do you like to
torture me? Do you!? You bastard! I loved you and still love you with every fiber of my being,

>and THIS is how I'm repaid!? Doesn't anyone understand that I died with you? Why? Why?" By
this time, my yelling has been reduced to heartwrenching sobs. As I cry, I take out my pocket

>knife and contemplate slitting my wrists.....

>

>
Owari.

>
I didn't want to end it definitely. This way you can choose the ending you like best: Trowa

>kills himself to be with Quatre. Or he could put the knife away and

find a reason to live until
his time comes. Aren't I so nice to
the readers out there? My advice to all of you: don't get
>bored in the middle of writing a fic. It causes these kinds of
mishaps. Ja!
~Yasashii ;)
>

End
file.